ADDENDA

IN THE

TENTH—AN ENLARGED EDITION

OF

A SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

BY J. RIPPON, D. D.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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ADDENDA.

HYMN 12 (Second Part.) C. M.

Staughton 264. Liverpool 83.

God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

1 AMID the ſplendors of thy ſtate,
My GOD, thy LOVE appears
With the ſoft radiance of the moon
Among a thouſand ſtars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundleſs *Power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, ſpeaks
The *Goodneſs* of thy names.

3 Thy juſtice, holineſs, and truth,
Our ſolemn awe excite;
But the ſweet charms of ſovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and ſmoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion ſings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy councils and deſigns,—
In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love ſupremely ſhines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above;
The joyful, the tranſporting news,
That GOD the LORD is LOVE!

22 (Second Part.) 7's.

Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

To the Trinity.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy LORD!
Self-existent Deity,—
By the hosts of Heaven ador'd,
Teach us how to worship thee:
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combin'd
With society complete.

2 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known,—
Three in one, and one in three,
Great JEHOVAH, GOD alone!
Be our all, O LORD divine!
Father, Saviour, Vital Breath!—
Body, spirit, soul be thine,
Now, and at, and after death!

3 Glorious thou in holiness,
FATHER, didst thy rights maintain,
Truth and grace at once express,
When thy only Son was slain.
Here is deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace,—
Mildest love, and vengeance keen,
Oh how bright their mingled rays!

4 Fearful thou in praises, too,
Loving SAVIOUR, slaughter'd Lamb!
We, with joy and rev'rence, view
All thy glory, all thy name!—

Be thy death the death of sin,
Be thy life the sinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within,
Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

5 Wonder-working Spirit! thine
Th' efficacious grace we sing;
Set on us thy seal divine,
Safely to thy kingdom bring;
Mortify sin, root and deed,
Daily strengthen every grace;
Send us, urge us on with speed,
And let glory crown the race!

57——JUBILEE.

Addenda in the TENTH *Edition.*

5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sov'reign grace of heav'n;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

109——SALVATION.

Addenda in the TENTH *Edition.*

2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shews our sins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven;

111 (First Part.) C. M.

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

By the Grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 10

1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace
That all my blessings flow;
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.

2 'Tis this my powerful lusts controls,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort thro' my soul,
And makes my nature clean.

3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all, as well as I.

4 How full must be the springs, from whence
Such various streams proceed?
The pasture cannot but be rich,
On which so many feed.

114 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Manning 245. Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my Face. Psalm xxvii. 8.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, "Seek ye my face."
My soul admires the wond'rous grace.
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give,
Oh let me see thy face and live.

2 I'll wait; perhaps my LORD may come!
(If I turn back, how sad my doom!)
And, begging, in his way I'll lie,
'Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

3 Daily I'll seek with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs
And, if not heard—I'll weeping lie,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, LORD! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

115 (Second Part.) 8, 7, 4. MR. FOUNTAIN.
(one of the Missionaries in Bengal.)

Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

[May be sung to Trowbridge Tune 21, by omitting the Chorus of each Verse.]

The Gospel Message; or, Reconciliation to God.

1 SINNERS, you are now addressed
In the name of CHRIST our LORD;
He hath sent a message to you,
Pay attention to his word;
He hath sent it,
Pay attention to his word.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin:
All your actions—
One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconcil'd;
Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconcil'd.

4 Pardon, now, is freely publish'd
Thro' a Mediator's blood,
Who hath dy'd, to make atonement
And appease the wrath of GOD!
Wond'rous mercy!
See, it flows through JESUS' blood!

5 In his name, you are entreated
To accept this act of grace;
This the day of your acceptance,
Listen to the terms of peace;
O delay not,
Listen to the terms of peace.

6 Having thus, then, heard the message,
All with heav'nly mercy fraught;
Go and tell the gracious JESUS
If you will be fav'd or not:
Say, poor sinner,
Will you now be fav'd or not.

116 (Second Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179. Marks 65. or Bradby 165.

The Angels hastened Lot. Gen. xix. 15.
I made haste, *and delayed not.* Psalm cxix. 60.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is he to be won.

2 O hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O haſten, ſinner, *to return*,
And ſtay not for the morrow's ſun;
For fear thy lamp ſhould fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O haſten, ſinner, *to be bleſt*,
And ſtay not for the morrow's ſun;
For fear the curſe ſhould thee arreſt
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O LORD! do thou the ſinner turn!
Now rouſe him from his ſenſeleſs ſtate!
Oh let him not thy counſel ſpurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

121 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Miſſionary 257.

The Invitation of Wiſdom.

1 LO! Wiſdom ſtands with ſmiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can reſiſt the wond'rous grace,
And ſlight her pow'rful charms!

2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our ſight
Riches which ſhall endure;
Not ſparkling rubies half ſo bright,
Nor fineſt gold ſo pure.

3 Eternal pleaſures fill her train,
Pleaſures which never cloy;
"Come drink of bliſs unmix'd with pain,
"And taſte celeſtial joy."

4 Immortal crowns ſhe now diſplays,
And thrones beyond the ſkies:
Accept her bleſſings while ſhe ſtays,
And ſeize the glorious prize.

121 (Third Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

The Invitation of Wisdom accepted. Rev. iii. 17.

1 I HEAR the counsel of a friend,
And to his soothing voice attend;
"Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
"Come, buy, from my unbounded store.

2 "I only ask you to *receive*,
"For *freely* I my blessing give:"
JESUS! and are thy blessings free?
Then I may dare to come to thee.

3 I come for grace, like gold refin'd,
T'enrich and beautify my mind;
Grace that will trials well endure,
And in the furnace grow more pure.

4 Naked, I come for that bright dress,
Thy perfect spotless righteousness;
That glorious robe, so richly dy'd
In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

5 Like Bartimeus, now to thee
I come, and pray that I may see.
Ev'n clay is eye-salve in thy hand,
If thou the blessing but command.

6 Here, wretched, poor, and blind, I came;
Oh, let me not return the same!
Let me depart, all-gracious LORD!
Happy, enrich'd, to sight restor'd.

129 (First Part.) C. M.

Abridge 201. Bedford 91. Cambridge New 74.

The Divinity of Christ.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Word!
The Father's equal Son,
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,
Ere time its course begun.

2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.

3 But, ransom'd sinners, with delight,
Sublimer facts survey,—
The All-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.

4 See the Redeemer cloth'd in flesh,
And ask the reason Why?
The answer fills my soul afresh,—
"To suffer, bleed, and die."

5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form;
A Man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

6 The Lord of Glory bears the shame
To vile transgressor's due;
Justice the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish too.—

7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus, to fouls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss ensures.

8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

135 (Second Part) 8, 8, 6.

Hinton 266. Chatham 59.

Gethsemane, Matt. xxvi. 36—45.

1 IMMANUEL, funk with dreadful woe,
Unfelt, unknown to all below
Except the Son of God—
In agonizing pangs of soul,
Drinks deep from wormwood's bitterest bowl,
And sweats great drops of blood.

2 See his disciples slumbering round,
Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
He treads the press alone;
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes,
The curse awaits him from the skies—
His death it must atone.

3 O Father, hear! this cup remove!
Save thou the darling of thy love
(The prostrate victim cries)
From overwhelming fear and dread,
Tho' he *must* mingle with the dead—
His people's sacrifice.

4 His earnest prayers, his deep'ning groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
Amazement wrapt the sky:
"Go, strengthen CHRIST!" the Father said:
Th' astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,
And left the realms on high.

5 Made ſtrong in ſtrength, renew'd from heav'n,
JESUS receives the cup as giv'n,
And, perfectly reſign'd,
He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
Suſtains the curſe,—removes it all,—
Nor leaves a dreg behind.

206 (Second Part.) 8s.

Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30.

1 THE Love of the Spirit I ſing,
By whom is redemption apply'd;
Who ſinners to JESUS can bring,
And make them his myſtical bride.

2 'Tis he circumciſes their hearts,
Their calouſneſs kindly removes;
Light, life, and affection imparts
To them that ſo freely he loves.

3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of JESUS to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to purſue.

4 The ſtubborneſt will he can bow;
The foes that dwell in us reſtrain,
And none can be trodden ſo low,
But he can revive them again.

5 His bleſt renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his ſaints;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

6 Impreſt with the image divine,
The ſoul to redemption he ſeals;

Let ſin no more oppoſe my Lord,
Slain by thy SPIRIT's two-edg'd ſword.

5 Conſtrain my ſoul thy ſway to own:
Self-will, ſelf-righteouſneſs, dethrone:
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
The ark remaining in its place.

6 Detach from ſublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,—
Thy beauty ſee, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celeſtial fire.

7 Larger communion let me prove
With thee, bleſt object of my love!
But, Oh! for this no power have I:
My ſtrength is at *thy* feet to lie.

215 (Second Part) C. M.

Worksop 31. Walſal 237.

The grieved Spirit deſired to return.

1 MY grace ſo weak, my ſin ſo ſtrong,
My heart is greatly pain'd:
Bleſs'd Spirit art thou griev'd?—and is
Thine influence reſtrain'd!

2 Tell me—Oh, tell me what will pleaſe
And cauſe thee to return;
As doves, the abſence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

3 Come, then! Celeſtial Helper! come
With energy divine;
Eaſe, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.

4 Vouchſafe, in anſwer to my prayer,
Thy viſits to renew;
Increaſe my faith, diſpel my fears;
Oh, guard and ſave me too!

215 (Third Part) L. M.

Paul's 246. Portugal 97.

Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

1 I'M in a world of hopes and fears,
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.

3 Teach me the flattering path to shun
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 Each sacred principle impart:—
The *faith* that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to Heaven's high vault aspires;
And *love*, that warms with holy fires.

5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant thought pursue,—
That may I love and practise too.

5 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill:—

7 There glories shine, and pleasures roll
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And ev'ry panting wish shall be
Possest of boundless bliss in Thee.

216 (Second Part.) L. M.
Portugal New 263. Rothwell 174. Chard 175.
The Time of Love; or, Praise for the Work of the Spirit. Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.

1 LORD! 'twas a time of wond'rous love,
When thou didst first draw near my soul,
And, by thy Spirit from above,
My raging passions didst controul.

2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near;
But He my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.

3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways!—
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, *equal* praise.

217 (First Part) 8. 8. 6. S. PEARCE.
Baltimore 167. Hinton 266.
CONTENTMENT *encouraged by the divine Promise.* Heb. xiii. 5.

[1 LET Ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
And strive in vain to pierce the skies,
And mingle with the stars;
Then, disappointed, backward roll;
And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
With their presumptuous wars.]

2 Let rebel Angels, doom'd to fire,
Provoke the Dread-Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God:
Then headlong from th' etherial height
Precipitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod.

3 [Let murm'ring mortals too repine,
Arraign the Providence divine,
And blame the deeds of Heav'n;
While paſſions ſtrong, without control,
Diſturb the agitated ſoul,
Enrag'd at what is giv'n.]

4 But ſhall the Chriſtian's nobler mind
By Grace renew'd, by Heav'n refin'd—
Indulge a murm'ring thought?
Shall he, who claims Jehovah's ſtrength,
Who ſhall be brought to Heav'n at length,
Bemoan *his* preſent lot?

5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries;
Nor let th' ungenerous thought ariſe,
Offſpring of diſcontent:
No! while my God, my Saviour lives,
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the bleſſings ſent.

5 Since he has ſaid, "I'll ne'er depart;"
I'll bind his promiſe to my heart,
Rejoicing in his care:
This ſhall ſupport, while here I live;
And, when in glory I arrive,
I'll praiſe him for it there.

231 (Second Part.) 148th. BEDDOME.

Carmarthen New 35.

Who can tell? or, hoping againſt Hope. Jonah iii. 9.

1 GREAT God! to thee I'll make
My griefs and ſorrows known;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne:

Tho', by my sins, deserving hell,
I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?

2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there,—
My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
I'll daily seek—for, who can tell?

3 Endanger'd or distress'd,
To thee alone I'll flee,
Implore thy powerful help,
And at thy footstool lie;
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait;—for, who can tell?

4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee
Will make it all serene:
Satan suggests that I must dwell
In endless flames;—but, who can tell?

5 Vile unbelief, begone;
Ye doubts, fly swift away;
God hath an ear to hear
While I've an heart to pray.
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever so;—and, who can tell?

268 (Second Part.) L. M.

Ruthwell 174. Portugal 97.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 LORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt!
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But ONE can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

284 (Second Part,) C. M.
Sprague 166.

Godliness profitable; or, the Benefits of genuine Religion. 1 Tim. iv. 8.

1 HOW vast the blessings, how divine,
From godliness which flow!
Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value shew.

2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians, while on earth;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.

3 GOD, for himself, hath set apart
The godly, whom he loves:
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.

4 [There is a rich and free reward,
The eye of faith deſcries,
Reſerv'd for all, who ſerve the Lord,
Above the ſtarry ſkies.]

5 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
CHRIST will on ſuch beſtow;
For them the ſeeds of bliſs are ſown,
The fruits of glory grow.

286 (Second Part.) L. M.
Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

All Things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii. 28.

1 TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
Wants, loſſes, croſſes, groans, and tears,
Will, thro' the grace of GOD, our friend,
In everlaſting triumphs end!

2 To thoſe, who him ſincerely love,
All penal evils bleſſings prove;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

3 LORD, let this thought in deep diſtreſs
Our hopes confirm, our ſpirits raiſe!
Midſt earth and hell's oppoſing pow'rs,
We ſtill are ſafe if thou art ours.

287 (Second Part.) C. M.
Grove Houſe 143. Bedford 91.

Truſt encouraged by the Promiſe,—I will be their God.

1 IF GOD is mine, then preſent things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, CHRIST, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then, from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee,—
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these to me.

5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6 Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the *fountain* live
When all the *streams* are dry'd.

288. (Second Part.) C. M.

Worksop 31. Ludlow 84.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

1 DEAR Lord! why should I doubt thy love,
Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Altho' thou hide thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd:
And wilt thou not appear again,
Where thou hast once appear'd?

5 But now he lives—he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done;
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son.

6 Jesus! I to thy feet repair,
And there will prostrate lie;
Be thou propitious to my prayer,
And I shall never die.

296 (Second Part.) C. M.
Bedford. Abridgeton.

The plaintive cry of Christ's daily hymn.

Help *me, my God—Observe* Psalm cxix. 26.

1 HELP and Salvation, Lord! I crave;
For *both* I greatly need:
None else these blessings can bestow;
From thee they must proceed.

2 *Help* me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see:
Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the deity.

3 [*Help* me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize;
Save from impenitence; and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]

4 *Help* me to cleave to Christ alone!
Where else can sinners fly?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.

5 *Help* me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian's daily food;
Save me from unbelief, that foe,—
That bar to every good.

6 *Help* me to do thy holy will;
Let duty bliſs diſpenſe:
Save from a diſobedient heart,
From ſloth and negligence.

7 *Help* me to perſevere in grace;
Still gladly following on:
Save me from each backſliding path
To which my heart is prone.

8 [*Help*, in proſperity, that I
True gratitude may find:
Save me from pride and carnal eaſe,
And from an earthly mind.

9 *Help*, in adverſity, to bow
My neck to bear the yoke:
Save me from wrath and diſcontent,
Which would my GOD provoke.]

10 *Help* me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and ſin:
Save from temptation's ſnares without,
And this baſe heart within.

11 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy:
Save me from all the ills of life,—
The dread of death deſtroy.

297 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.
Weſtbury-Leigh 278. Broadmead 150.

Admiring the Love of God in Chriſt.

1 MY GOD! thy boundleſs love we praiſe:
How bright on high its glories blaze!—
How ſweetly bloom below!
It ſtreams from thy eternal throne;
Thro' Heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis Love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale:
'Tis Love that loads the plenteous plain,
With bluſhing fruits and golden grain,
And ſmiles o'er ev'ry vale.

3 But, in thy Goſpel, it appears
In ſweeter fairer characters,
And charms the raviſh'd breaſt;
There, Love-immortal leaves the ſky
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary reſt.

4 There ſmiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of ſins forgiv'n:
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heav'n.

5 Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
My ſoul!—and hear a Saviour's voice
That calls thee to the ſkies:
Above life's empty ſcenes aſpire—
Its ſordid cares and mean deſire—
And ſeize th' eternal prize.

298 (Second Part) S. M.
Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.

Go forward; or Difficulties the occaſion of Prayer and Pleading. Exod. xiv. 15.

1 LIKE Iſrael, LORD, am I!
My ſoul is at a ſtand;
A ſea before, an hoſt behind,
And rocks on either hand.

2 O LORD! I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey:
Bid me advance; and, thro' the ſea,
Create a new-made way.

3 Without Thee, I muſt ſink
Beneath the ſwelling flood;
Or fall a prey to thoſe, who think
To glut them with my blood.

4 The time of greateſt ſtraights,
Thy choſen time has been
To manifeſt thy power is great,
And make thy glory ſeen.

5 Thou waſt by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:—
Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
By all of Abra'm's ſeed.

6 Thy power is ſtill the ſame;
On thee I would rely:
Wilt Thou not anſwer to thy name
To ſuch a worm as I?

7 Oh, ſend deliv'rance down!
Diſplay the arm divine!
So ſhall the praiſe be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

298 (Third Part.) L. M.
Lebanon 79. Paul's 246.

Renouncing the moral law as a covenant of life; but admiring it as a rule of conduct.

1 WHEN JESUS for his people dy'd,
The holy law was ſatisfied:
Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command but curſe no more.

2 He having ſuffer'd in their ſtead,
The law in cov'nant form is dead,
But rules them with a gentle ſway;
And they, with ſweet delight, obey.

3 Amazing Love!—how rich, how free!
That Chriſt ſhould die for ſuch as we!
From hence, the holieſt duties flow
Of ſaints above and ſaints below.

299 (Second Part.) C. M.

Frome 255. Salem 139. Foſter 96.

Imploring the Preſence of God.

1 LORD! let me ſee thy beauteous face!
It yields a heav'n below;
And angels round the throne will ſay
'Tis all the heav'n they know.

2 A glimpſe—a ſingle glimpſe of thee
Would more delight my ſoul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I poſſeſs the whole.

299 (Third Part.) L. M.

Rowles 73. Langdon 217.

Happy in the Salvation of God. Pſal. xlvi. 4.

1 INDULGENT GOD! to Thee I raiſe
My ſpirit, fraught with joy and praiſe:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

2 Rivers deſcending, LORD! from Thee,
Perpetual glide to ſolace me!
Their varied virtues to rehearſe
Demands an everlaſting verſe.

3 And yet there is, beyond the reſt,
One ſtream—the wideſt and the beſt—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!

4 I taſte—delight ſucceeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanſe me ſo:
Such joy and purity to ſhare
I would remain enraptur'd there—

5 Till death ſhall give this ſoul to know
The fulneſs ſought in vain below;—
The fulneſs of that boundleſs ſea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

6 My ſoul—with ſuch a ſcene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chaſtizing woes
Sent with ſuch love—ſo ſoon to cloſe.

306 (Second Part) 7s. COWPER.
Bath Abbey 147. Alceſter 231.

Welcoming the Croſs.

1 'TIS my happineſs below
Not to live without the croſs;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loſs:
Trials muſt and will befal;
But—with humble faith to ſee
Love inſcrib'd upon them all—
This is happineſs to me.

2 GOD, in Iſrael, ſows the ſeeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
Theſe ſpring up, and choke the weeds
Which would elſe o'erſpread the ſoil:

Trials make the promiſe ſweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here—
No chaſtiſement by the way—
Might I not, with reaſon, fear
I ſhould prove a caſt-a-way?
Baſtards may eſcape the rod *
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Muſt not,—would not if he might.

351 (Second Part.) L. M. Dr. Watts.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Lord's *Day Evening.*

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to ſee
A whole aſſembly worſhip thee!
At once they ſing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and ſtill would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or ſin can ſay
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,—
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this fooliſh heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

* Heb. xii. 8.

355——WORSHIP.

Addenda in the TENTH *Edition.*

7 But if I die with mercy ſought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As ſinner never died.

361 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

Longing for the Preſence and Bleſſing of GOD.
1 Sam. vii. 2.

1 LOOK from on high, great GOD! and ſee
Thy ſaints lamenting after thee:
We ſigh, we languiſh, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our ſins ſubdue, our ſouls reſtore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy preſence in thy houſe afford,
To every heart apply thy word;
That ſinners may their danger ſee
And now begin to mourn for thee.

376 (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

1 WHO is the trembling ſinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?
Who mourns his ſin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on GOD for mercy call?

2 Peace, troubled ſoul! diſmiſs thy fear;
Hear,—JESUS ſpeaks, "be of good cheer";
Upon his cleanſing grace rely,
And thou ſhalt never, never die.

377 (Second Part.) 7's.
Cookham 36. Stoel 164. Hotham 224.

The Pleaſures of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweeteſt pleaſures while we live;
'Tis religion muſt ſupply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Laſting as eternity!
Be the living GOD my friend,—
Then my bliſs ſhall never end.

382 (Second Part.) C. M.
Sprague 166. Bedford 91.

Good Hope of Intereſt united with Gratitude.

1 IF, LORD! in thy fair book of life
My worthleſs name doth ſtand;
And in my heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand;

2 I am ſecure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the ſkies;
And on the road, from thy rich ſtores,
Shall meet with freſh ſupplies.

3 To thee, in ſweet melodious ſtrains,
My grateful voice I'll raiſe;
But life's too ſhort, my powers too weak,
To ſhew forth half thy praiſe.

4 [Had I ten thouſand thouſand tongues,
Not one ſhould ſilent be;
Had I ten thouſand thouſand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.]

383 (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Bredby 165.

Gratitude to Chriſt.

1 TO him, who on the fatal tree—
Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,—
In grateful ſtrains my voice I'll raiſe,
And in his ſervice ſpend my days.

2 To liſtening multitudes I'll tell
How he redeem'd my ſoul from hell;
And how, repoſing on his breaſt,
I loſt my cares, and found my reſt.

3 Thro' him, my ſins are all forgiven;
He ever pleads my cauſe in heaven:
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

384 (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Otford 106. Miſſionary 257.

Joying and glorying in the LORD.

1 YE ſaints, of every rank, with joy
To GOD your offerings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud Hoſannas ring.

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd,
His wond'rous deeds proclaim.

3 Praise him in elevated strains;
And make the *worlds* to know,
How *great* the Master whom you serve,
And yet how *gracious* too.

397 (First Part.) 8, 7.
Helmsley 223.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit!—
Thou the God whom we adore;
May we all thy love inherit:
To thine image us restore;
Vast Eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

418 (Second Part.) L. M.
Gloucester 12, Chard 175.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel, animated by Prophecy.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2 [We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blissful day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.]

3 Thy prophecies *must* be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the mingled image fall,
(Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay;)
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

3 In one vaſt ſymphony of praiſe,
Gentile and Jew ſhall then unite;
And infidelity, aſham'd,
Sink in th' abyſs of endleſs night.

6 Afric's emancipated ſons
Shall join, with Europe's poliſh'd race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
Immanuel's kingdom muſt extend;
And *every man*, in *every face*,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

418 (Third Part.) L. M.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

The approaching Fall of Babylon predicted,
Rev. xiv. 6, 8.

1 PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her *tott'ring* palace fall,
'Till ſome bleſt meſſenger ariſe,
The ſpacious heathen world to call.

2 And ſee the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty angel fly,
The Goſpel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the ſky!

3 Oh ſee, on both the India's coaſt,
And Africa's unhappy ſhore,
The unlearn'd ſavage preſs to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore:

4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,
"That JESUS left his throne in heaven,
"And ſuffer'd, died, and roſe again,
"That guilty ſouls might be forgiv'n."

5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye;
And hear him aſk, "For wretched me,
"Did this divine Redeemer die?"

6 "Ah! why have ye ſo long forborne
"To tell ſuch welcome news as this;
"Go now, let *every ſinner* hear,
"And ſhare in ſuch exalted bliſs."

7 The Iſlands, waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the ſacred ſound;
And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
Caſt all their idols to the ground.

8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come!
Thy curs'd foundation ſhall give way;
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the croſs diſplay.

418 (Fourth Part.) L. M.

Wells 102. Devotion 271.

Invitation to propagate the Goſpel throughout the Earth.

1 GO, favour'd Britons! and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;
Publiſh his ever precious name
To all the wond'ring nations round!

2 Go, tell th' unleter'd wretched ſlave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—*a freedom bought with blood,*—
The blood of an incarnate GOD.

3 And tell the panting ſable chief,
On Ethiopia's ſcorching ſand,
You come—*with a refreſhing ſtream,*—
To cheer and bleſs his thirſty land.

4 Go, tell, on India's golden shores,
The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan*,
That *to enrich their deathless* MIND,
You come—the friends of GOD and man.

5 Tell *all* the distant isles afar
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—*a glorious light to shew*,
You come—*their* SOULS *to seek and save*.

6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love;
And, crown'd with energy divine,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

418 (Fifth Part.) L. M.
Gloucester 12. Derby 109.

Neglect in spreading the Gospel reproved and deplored.

1 "GO," said the voice of heavenly love,
"My Gospel preach to every land;
"Lo! I am with you to the end;
"Observe and follow my command."

2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever-gracious news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First to the unbelieving Jews;

3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name;
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd island came.

4 But ah! to spread their sacred theme,
How few have *our* attempts been found!
What heathen lands from *us* have heard
The glorious heart-reviving sound?

* *Tibet* and *Boutan*; parts of Asia, little known to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptist Missionaries.

5 To *us* their duty they bequeath'd;
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equall'd theirs;
The same had been our blest reward.

6 [We, too, had multitudes beheld
Forsake the gods their hands had made,
And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their *yet* benighted realms pervade.]

7 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel.

419 (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175. Glouceſter 12.

Proſpect of Succeſs: or, Encouragement to uſe Means.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appears;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present an *harvest* to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom JESUS has to give.

4 Come, let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall be, as favour'd Britain, blest.

6 Invite the *globe* to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.

7 [Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne.]

8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
"And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew,"
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

420 (First Part.) C. M.

Addenda in the TENTH *Edition.*

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends
In safety o'er the deep,
Let the rough tempest speed their way,
Or bid its fury sleep.]

9 * Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news,
Beneath the Banian's shade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his soul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly Shaster † spread,
Bid Brahmans preach the word;

* Verses 7, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, may be sung alone.

† The *Shasters* are the religious books of the Hindoos; the *Brahmans* are their Priests; and the *Casts* are the different classes of the people.

And may all India's tribes become
One CHRIST to serve the LORD!

Verses 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in substance, were written off *Margate*, by Mr. WILLIAM WARD, one of the Baptist Missionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Then thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits array'd,
A blooming Paradise.

13 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murd'rous cannon roar.

15 LORD, for those days we wait! those days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold.

16 *Amen!* with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriad's cry;
Amen! with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!

420 (Second Part.) L. M.

Wareham 12. Wells 13. Lebanon 79.

A Bleſſing on Miſſions, and Miſſionaries, requeſted.

1 WHERE'ER the bluſtering north-wind blows,
And ſpreads its froſt or fleecy ſnows;
Where'er the ſun with quickening ray
Shines all abroad, and gives the day;

2 Where'er the leſſer orbs of light
Dart forth their beams, and gild the night,
There may his Heralds loud proclaim
The Saviour's love—the Saviour's name.

3 For work ſo pleaſing, ſo benign,
LORD, grant thy influence divine;
Till all "the ſpacious globe around"
"With" raptur'd "ſongs of praiſe reſound."

420 (Third Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Lowell 260. Mansfield 154.

Miſſionaries addreſſed and encouraged.

1 YE Meſſengers of CHRIST,
His ſovereign voice obey:
Ariſe! and follow where he leads;
And peace attend your way.

2 The maſter, whom you ſerve,
Will needful ſtrength beſtow;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With ſacred courage go.

3 Mountains ſhall ſink to plains,
And hell in vain oppoſe;

* See alſo Hymn 415.

H

The cauſe is GOD's,—and muſt prevail
In ſpite of all his foes.

4 Go, ſpread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchleſs grace
To the moſt guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wiſh you, in his name,
The moſt divine ſucceſs:—
Aſſur'd that he who ſends you forth
Will your endeavours bleſs.

420 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.

The wonder-working GOD *invoked for his Church.*
Iſaiah li. 9.

1 AWAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which haſt ſuch wonders wrought;
Which captive Iſrael freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

2 Art thou not it, which Rahab ſlew?
And cruſh'd the dragon's head?
Conſtrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew
From their accuſtom'd bed.

3 Again thy wonted proweſs ſhow;
Be thou made bare again;
And let thine adverſaries know
That they reſiſt in vain.

421 (Second Part.) L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer to GOD *for his ſpecial Interpoſition in ſpreading the Goſpel.* Zec. ix. 13—16.

1 "HOW" long, O GOD, "has man been driv'n.
"Far off from happineſs, and heav'n!

" When wilt thou," graciouſly " reſtore"
Thy baniſh'd ſons to rove no more?

2 For near ſix thouſand years, thy foe
Has triumph'd over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With ravening wolves encompaſs'd round.

3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
An ample compenſation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happineſs and GOD reſtore?

4 From every nation, every tongue,
A remnant muſt to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race
To furniſh trophies of his grace.

5 Exert that power, which could ſubdue
The furious ſlaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cauſe become
Victorious over Greece and Rome.

6 Now, LORD, before thy ſervants go!
Let GOD himſelf the trumpet blow!
Haſten the Goſpel jubilee,
That bids a captive world be free.

421 (Third Part) 10s.

Warſaw 211. Gueſtwick 274.

The Houſe muſt be of Fame and Glory throughout all Countries, 1 Chron. xxii, 25.

1 THE houſe now to be builded to the LORD,
Whoſe firm foundation ſtone his hand hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which King Solomon ſo glorious made.

2 Wide as the ſpacious globe on which we tread,
This ſacred temple ſhall its bounds extend:
Its bleſſings, not to Abra'm's ſeed confin'd,
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

3 See, in the torrid regions of the ſouth,
The humble worſhipper approach with joy;
And ſhivering natives of the frozen pole
In the ſame heavenly ſtrains their lips employ.

4 With all ſimplicity of word and deed—
With zeal for GOD, and love to ſouls inſpir'd—
See the ſucceſsful Miſſionaries teach;
Their ardour ſtill by gathering converts fir'd.

5 Hark! they proclaim ſalvation by the Croſs;
And thouſands preſs t' accept the boundleſs grace:
JESUS his own almighty power diſplays—
His temple, now, is univerſal ſpace!

421 (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166, Staughton 264. Cambridge New 74.

Saints longing to ſee their King with his many Crowns, Rev. xix. 12.

1 GO forth, ye ſaints! behold your King
With god-like honours crown'd,
Ten thouſand beauties in his word
Shall ſpread his fame around.

2 Where'er the ſun begins its race,
Or ſtops its ſwift career,—
Both eaſt and weſt ſhall own his grace,
And CHRIST be honour'd there.

3 Ten thouſand crowns encircling ſhow
The victories he hath won:
Oh, may his conqueſts ever grow,
While time its courſe ſhall run.

4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror! ride,
And millions more ſubdue!
Deſtroy *our* enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

422 (Second Part) 148th. Portſmouth New 144.

Evangelical Philanthropy: or, the Song of a Chriſtian Loyaliſt.

1 REJOICE! the Saviour reigns
Among the ſons of men;
He breaks the priſ'ners chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppoſe GOD's only Son,
In ſpite of foes his cauſe goes on.

2 The cauſe of righteouſneſs,
And truth and holy peace—
Deſign'd our world to bleſs,
Shall ſpread and never ceaſe;
Gentile and Jew their ſouls ſhall bow,
Allegiance due, with rapture, vow.

3 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries
Truth's empire to repell
By cruelty and lies:
Th' infernal gates ſhall rage in vain;—
Conqueſt awaits the Lamb once ſlain.

4 He died, but ſoon aroſe
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himſelf he ſhows
Omnipotent to ſave:
Let rebels kiſs the victor's feet;
Eternal bliſs his ſubjects meet,

5 All power is in his hand,
His people to defend;

To his moſt high command
Shall millions more attend;
All heaven with ſmiles approves his cauſe,
And diſtant iſles receive his laws.

6 This little ſeed from heaven
Shall ſoon become a tree;
This ever bleſſed leaven
Diffuſ'd abroad muſt be:
Till GOD the Son ſhall come again,
It muſt go on.—Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

Reſurrection 72.

7 Ye, who have known his name,
Subſerve his glorious plan;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of GOD and man:
How happy ye own his ſway!
Ye own'd ſhall be another day.

8 All hail, incarnate LORD!
Our ſouls triumphant cry;
Be thy bleſs'd name ador'd,
By all beneath the ſky.
But when we join the hoſts above,
In ſtrains divine we'll ſing thy love.

422 (Third Part.) L. M.

Horſley 111. Magdalene 34.

The Fields white for Harveſt †.

1 LIFT up your joyful eyes, and ſee
A plenteous harveſt all around

† The Hymns from the 427th to the 441ſt. alſo relate *the ſpread of the Goſpel, and the happineſs of the Church.*

Rip'ning for bliſs; and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:—

2 A harveſt of immortal ſouls,
Secur'd by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor ſtorms ſhall hurt,
Nor ravenous beaſts of prey devour.

3 O happy day, when all th' elect
Complete in number ſhall be found,
And—like their great, their myſtic head—
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

422 (Fourth Part.) L. M.

Glouceſter 12. Lebanon 77. Iſlington 40.

He muſt reign; or the Victories of CHRIST *the Triumph of Chriſtians.*

1 YES, mighty JESUS! thou ſhalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes ſubmit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become like duſt beneath thy feet.

2 Then reſcu'd ſouls ſhall bleſs thy power,—
Thy arm ſhall full ſalvation bring;
Thy ſaints, in that illuſtrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

3 And when, thro' brilliant gates of gold,
Thou leadſt thy choſen to the ſkies;
May we the ſhining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph riſe.

4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heaven's tranſported realms reſound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

427 (Second Part) L. M.

Gould's 272, Babylon Streams. 23.

For a Church in a low Condition. Pſalm 15. 18.

1 O God of Zion! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down!
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer,—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou haſt rais'd;
How kind thy hand,—that hand be prais'd!
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forſake our tott'ring walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of pray'r and praiſe,
When holy ſervices gave birth
To joys reſembling heav'n on earth:

4 But, now, the ways of Zion mourn,—
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and livelineſs are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes;—
We need relief from all our woes:
If earth and hell ſhould yet aſſail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity!
Oh, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our num'rous wants ſupply.

7 Oh ſhew that, in our low eſtate,
No bleſſing for us is too great;—
We plead thy ſon, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

427 (Third Part.) 11'.
Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

1 O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can ſave;
With darkneſs ſurrounded, by terrors diſmay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy ſtrength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But ſkilful's the Pilot who ſits at the helm;
His wiſdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,
In ſafety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful, O faithleſs!" in mercy he cries,
"My promiſe, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, ſtill I am with thee, my promiſe ſhall ſtand,
Thro' tempeſt and toſſing I'll bring thee to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands, whilſt I look on, I ſee
The wounds I received, when ſuff'ring for thee.

5 I feel at my heart all thy ſighs and thy groans,
For thou art moſt near me, my fleſh and my bones;
In all thy diſtreſſes thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are moſt needful,—not one is in vain.

6 Then truſt me, and fear not;—thy life is ſecure;
My wiſdom is perfect, ſupreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy ſoul to refine,—
To make thee, at length, in my likeneſs to ſhine.

7 The fooliſh, the fearful, the weak, are my care;
The helpleſs, the hopeleſs, I hear their ſad pray'r:
From all their afflictions my glory ſhall ſpring,
And the deeper their ſorrows, the louder they'll ſing."

540 (Second Part) 8s. S. PEARCE.

Limefield 94. New Jerusalem 239.

For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by Sickness of attending Publick Worship.

1 THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace:
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.

2 To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of GOD;
Enraptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

3 The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour *we* lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd *us*, and made us his own.

4 Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set us, once rebels, on high.

5 *Faith* clave to the crucified Lamb,—
Hope, smiling, exalted its head,—
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.

6 What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around!
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in JESUS they'd found.

7 Sweet moments!—If ought upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is, when the hearts of the flock,
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd, arise.

8 But ah! theſe ſweet moments are fled,
Pale ſickneſs compels me to ſtay,
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are haſting away.

9 My GOD! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wiſe!
O help me ſubmiſſive to wait,
Till thou biddeſt thy ſervant to riſe.—

10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
With ſucceſs and increaſing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

11 Or ſhould'ſt thou in bondage detain,
To viſit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for manſions above,
Where nothing exiſts to deplore!

12 Where JESUS—the ſun of the place—
Refulgent inceſſantly ſhines;
Eternally bleſſing his ſaints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

13 There, there are no priſons to hold
The captive from taſting delight—
There, there the day never is clos'd
With ſhadows, or darkneſs, or night;

14 There, myriads and myriads ſhall meet,
In our Saviour's high praiſes to join;
While tranſported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.

15 Enough, then! my heart ſhall no more
Of its preſent bereavements complain;
Since, e'er long, I to heav'n ſhall ſoar,
And ceaſeleſs enjoyments obtain.

541 (First Part) 8. 7. 4. S. PEARCE.
Lewes 63. Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

Sweet Affliction—A Song in a Storm.

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
JESUS whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah! Praise the LORD!

2 Thus the Lion yields me honey;—
From the eater food is given:
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward;
Singing, as I wade to heaven,
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction!—
And, my sins are all forgiven!

3 Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play!
Mid the thorn-brake, beauteous flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, &c.

4 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful LORD appear,
With his richest consolations
To re-animate and cheer:—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those, that know not CHRIST—ye frighten;
But *my soul* defies your power:
Hallelujah, &c.

6 In the sacred page recorded
Thus his word securely stands,
"Fear not; I'm, in trouble, near thee;
"Nought shall pluck you from my hands."

Sweet affliction, ſweet affliction!
Every word my love demands.

7 All I meet, I find aſſiſts me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, tho' trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, &c.

8 Bleſs'd there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,;
But, exulting, cry,—It led me
To my Bleſſed Saviour's ſeat!
Sweet affliction, ſweet affliction,
Which has brought to JESUS' feet!

542 (Second Part) S. M.
Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

The Benefit of ſanctified Affliction; or, GOD *bringing his People into the Covenant under the Rod.* Ezek. xx. 37.

1 HOW gracious, and how wiſe
Is our chaſtiſing GOD!
And O! how rich the bleſſings are
Which bloſſom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every ſtroke his children feel,
May grace and peace impart.

3 Inſtructed thus, they bow,
And own his ſov'reign ſway;
They turn their erring footſteps back
To his forſaken way.

4 His cov'nant love they ſeek,
And ſeek the happy bands
That cloſer ſtill engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

5 Dear Father! we conſent,
To diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the pains that make our ſouls,
Still more completely thine.

6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain ſhall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty ceaſe.

550 (Second Part.) 7, 6.
Culmſtock 6.

Pleaſing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

1 AH! I ſhall ſoon be dying;
Time ſwiftly glides away;
But, on my LORD relying,
I hail the happy day—

2 The day when I muſt enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpleſs ſoul I venture
On JESUS CHRIST alone.

3 He once, a ſpotleſs victim,
Upon Mount Calv'ry bled
JEHOVAH did afflict him,
And bruiſe him in my ſtead.

4 Hence all my hope ariſes,
Unworthy as I am;
My ſoul muſt ſurely prizes
The ſin-atoning Lamb.

5 To him, by grace, united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.

6 There he is interceding
For all who on him reſt;
The grace, from him proceeding,
Shall waft me to his breaſt.

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7 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chaunt my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.

8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
Shall charm the courts above.

550 (Third Part.) C. M.
Grove House 143

The safe and happy Exit.

1 LORD, must I die? Oh, let me die
Trusting in thee alone!—
My *living* testimony giv'n,
Then leave my *dying* one!

2 If I must die,—Oh, let me die
In peace with all mankind;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refin'd.

3 If I must die—as die I must—
Let some kind seraph come
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home!

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view!
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

551 (Second Part.) L. M.
Old Hundred 100. Wareham 117.

Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

1 O GOD of Love! with cheering ray
Gild my expiring streak of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wip'd away affliction's tear.

2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which ſhrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joys, ſupport my head,
Before I ſink among the dead.

3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death deſtroy my ſins and fears!
May death, through JESUS, be my friend!
May death be life when life ſhall end!

4 Crown my *laſt* moment with thy pow'r—
The *lateſt* in my lateſt hour;
Then to the raptur'd heights I ſoar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

570 (Second Part.) L. M.
Paul's 246. Horſley 205.

The Second Appearance of Chriſt. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

1 MY waken'd ſoul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in ſmoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole.
Pale ſun, no more thy luſtre boaſt:—
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry hoſt.

3 This wreck of nature all around—
The angels ſhout, the trumpets ſound,
Loud the deſcendng Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To *endleſs* BLISS, or ENDLESS *woe!*

5 LORD, to *my* eyes this ſcene diſplay
Frequent through each returning day;
And let thy grace my ſoul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

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